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# Falling



31 3 3

## Chapter 1 by danisonphil

I am falling. Faster and faster. I don't know how long I have been falling for but it feels like hours. I have long given up screaming for help. How did I get here? Why haven't I hit the ground yet? How much longer will this go on?

## Chapter 2 by polarbearshire



I continue to speed up, and the walls of this place come into focus. Worn tiles depict scenes of broken bodies and shattered families. Slowly they appear. A businessman, suit jacket smouldering; a woman with her eyes closed, tears for the family she was leaving behind seeping past the tight seal; a fighter pilot, cursing the enemy. I look at myself. I am a builder. I was building a new bridge, a great bridge, when I slipped and fell, hit the water hard enough to kill me. But I kept on falling, faster and faster.

## Write a draft for chapter 3 of 8

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